

# SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

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## SPRING.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The scent of apple-blossoms fills  
With odorous breath the summer air,  
And song of robins clearly fills  
Along the dusty thoroughfare.  
The grassy lane with clover sward,  
That leads beyond the maple shade,  
Invites the wanderer's lingering feet  
Along the path the birds have made.  
The slope whereon the white lilies grow  
Is brightened by the morning sun,  
That o'er the landscape brightly plays,  
And glides the day but just begun.  
The rustic bridge across the stream  
Looks picture-like; there oft is heard  
The heavy tramp of a team,  
Or the light tread of a bird.  
And near the green and sunny grove,  
Alive with song and rustling leaves,  
Where maidens dream their dreams of love,  
And fancy fancies garlands weave.  
All nature thrives with its delights,  
And that has speech which once seemed dumb;  
Harmless and kind the bee invites,  
From voice of man to insect's hum.

## Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,  
AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 37. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

### CHAPTER XXV.

MR. GAWTREY'S LOZENGES.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural—  
—Shakespeare.

Doris Carlyn had not seen, nor indeed, had any one else, what the letter which had been found in the pocket of the man who had been killed, and the cause of it was known only to Ernest Dornier and the man who had done his bidding. Doris greeted her cousin very briefly. Her face was very pale when she turned to him, and there was a set, hard look about her mouth.

"You here, Ernest?" she said.

"Even so."

"What brought you?"

"Business. What brought you at Southampton, on board the Atlanta?"

"Well, business too, after a fashion. Mr. Selwyn, you remember him, I dare say?"

"Yes."

"Is going to Australia, and at once and I was wishing him good-bye, that is all."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure. Thank you, my dear."

For the sailor, dripping like a huge water dog, had come on deck, and was tendering him something.

"Get yourself dried," he said, "and come to me in the cabin in half an hour. You shall have what I promised you."

"Thank you, sir."

"I shall not leave the ship; or, say, I will give it to you now. Have you any gold about you, Doris?"

"Two or three pounds, I think."

"Lend them to me. He will like it better than a note; thanks. There you are, my dear, you've done a good day's work for yourself."

"I have indeed, sir."

"Did he jump overboard for you, Ernest?" asked Miss Carlyn.

"He did."

"What for?"

"To pick up something I had lost—something I would have given a thousand pounds rather than parted with."

"You have made a rich man of him for a time at least. Are you going to stay on board?"

"Till the ship starts. I can see you ashore."

"Oh, no, thank you, we can take care of ourselves. We leave Southampton this evening. Will you dine with us at the Royal?"

"No, thank you, I must leave directly. I shall run down to the Grange very soon."

He saw them across the gangway, and bid them good-bye, and then returned to the ship. The rescued packet was not much the worse for its bath. It had been picked up so quickly that the water had not had time to penetrate the double wrapping of stout paper in which it was enveloped. It contained a small cardboard box, wrapped in tin foil, and this was full of white lozenges. These were not hard, but soft and crystallized, and covered with a thick coating of powdered sugar. The vendor's name was on the box—"Gawtrey, Albemarle-street, Southampton."

"Bought here," he said to himself; "perhaps I have found a man's nest, after all."

He went in search of Amphlett Selwyn, and entered into conversation with him. But the young surgeon, if he had flung away Miss Carlyn's professed gift, would not break faith with her.

"He had heard of an eligible opening in Australia," he said; "and he had resolved to go. Miss Carlyn had been very kind in aiding him all she could. He had but just parted from her. Had Mr. Dornier seen her?"

"Yes, Mr. Dornier had seen his cousin; and he had seen Mr. Selwyn good-bye with many good wishes, and went to the cabin, where the agent was making up his books and arranging the money he had received from those who had paid on board."

"That's all, I think," he said, stretching himself, with a yawn. "You're pretty full, captain. Going, sir?"

"No, thank you, I am going ashore."

"Some one has been hard put-to to get away," said the captain, lifting one of the notes and looking at it; "some valuable thing or other has gone for this."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, it's a new note, and it comes from Vanburgh, the pawnbroker; here's his private stamp on the corner. I know it, for I once had fifty pounds of him myself."

"And paid for it, I'll go bail," the agent said. "The man who paid me that didn't seem hard up. He'd a pocket-book full of them, all with that mark on the corner."

"Who was it?"

"Berth nineteen, first cabin—Amphlett Selwyn, surgeon," the agent said, referring to his list; and Ernest Dornier left the cabin, pondering much on what he had heard.

"Amphlett Selwyn suddenly left hours of an opening in Australia," he thought, as he walked ashore. "My cousin Doris has such urgent need of money that she pawned jewels in secret to raise it, and gives him six thousand pounds, which she brings him herself. Then she wishes him good-bye, and gives him the most friendly manner a specific for sea-sickness, which he declines to accept and flings into the sea. What does it all mean? Putting two and two together, I don't think I was very far wrong in supposing that five pounds. Now, to find Albemarle-street and Mr. Gawtrey's establishment, and buy some more lozenges of him."

Albemarle-street was easily found—a broad, busy thoroughfare, full of fashionable shops. "Gawtrey's" was one of the most stylish—a restaurant, confectioner's, and general lounge for ladies especially. Dornier walked in, and up to a counter, where a tempting pile of pretty boxes of confectionery and glasses of crystallized fruit were presided over by a fashionable dame, all false hair, sham lace, and Birmingham jewelry, who blandly inquired what he wanted.

"Some sweets like these," he replied.

"At least, I wish to know whether these were purchased here—the box bears your name."

"Oh, yes, that is one of our boxes," she said; "and bought here, of course. Those lozenges are to be had nowhere else. They are made expressly for our house."

"And always arranged precisely like these?"

"They are always arranged alike," she said, rather snappishly.

She was getting tired of being cross-examined by an unprofitable customer; but as she spoke she caught sight of the open box he held.

"Those are not our lozenges," she said, hastily.

"He so good as to give me a box, and allow me to compare them," he said.

She handed him a box and he opened it. The lozenges were the same—the dainty covering of lace paper was identical; but there was no sugar on those in the shop. They lay clear and sparkling in neatly arranged rows, with no trace of powder about them.

Mr. Gawtrey himself corroborated his shopgirl's assertion.

"There is never any loose sugar about those sweets," he said. "The ladies who mostly purchase them, and we sell a good many, would object to it as messy and spoiling their gloves. I sold that box myself to a lady last night, and it had no sugar in it."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite. The lady chose it herself out of a good many. It was the only one I had that color. It took her fancy."

Ernest Dornier made some other trifling purchases and left the shop, feeling sick at heart. What could the mysterious sugar

be that had been added to the sweets since their purchase?

"I must and will find out," he said to himself, as he watched the trees and hedges out of sight as the express whirled by on its way to town.

It was ten o'clock when he reached London; but he could not wait till morning to have his double set at rest. He called the first house and jumped in.

"49 Saville Row," he said, "and drive fast."

The man did drive fast, and set him down at the house of one of the best known doctors in that medical locality, who was also a personal friend of his own.

"Master In, James?" he asked the servant, who opened the door.

"To you, sir," the man replied promptly.

"I wouldn't answer for any one else."

"Tell him I'm here, then, and my business is pressing."

"Very good, sir."

In a very few minutes the doctor entered the cosy little room into which Ernest had been shown.

"It is you, then," he said, shaking him by the hand. "I thought James must have made a mistake. What on earth brings you here now, and in that disheveled trim? You look as though you had been knocking about for a week without going to bed."

"Only for a day. But now I think of it, I've eaten nothing, and I dare say I do look seely. Give me a glass of wine and a hot bath, and then I'll talk to you."

"Have something more substantial than that."

"I couldn't eat."

"But as your medical man I order it," and he rang the bell as he spoke. "You will talk better afterwards. I hope nothing serious is the matter."

"I don't know. I want you to tell me."

"But the doctor would not talk about anything till he had seen his friend refreshed, and when Ernest had eaten and drunk he declared himself ready to listen to him."

"Not here, then," was the answer. "Some where where we shall run no risk of a word being overheard."

"No one can hear in this room," the doctor said. "But come to my consulting room if you like, the doors are double there."

He rang and ordered lights, and they went to the room where the doctor saw his patients.

"Now then, Dornier, what is it?" he asked, when the door was shut and the curtains dropped inside of it.

"Murder."

"Good heavens! Where?—Who?"

"No one, thank heaven; the means, as I believe, are in my pocket."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"For answer Ernest Dornier took the two boxes out of his pocket and laid them open on the table."

"That is poisoned, I firmly believe," he said. "The person to whom it was given thought so too and flung it away. I want you to tell me for a certainty. You can in a few minutes."

"I can, of course, if you really think what you say. But whom do you suspect of such a diabolical way of poisoning any one?"

"The intended victim a child that it was done in this way."

"No, a man; but he has escaped, or I should not be in possession of that box. Do not question me, there's a good fellow. The affair touches me nearly."

"I don't want to be too inquisitive. The things look harmless enough," and the doctor wetted his finger tip and dipped it in the sugar.

He was going to raise it to his lips when Ernest seized his hand.

"Don't, for God's sake," he said; "it is that sugar that the mischief lies."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it. Taste those if you will, but let that infernal stuff alone."

The doctor wiped his finger, and Ernest told him how he had been to Gawtrey's, and ascertained for a fact that the box had contained no loose sugar when it left the shop.

"We'll soon see," his friend said. "I hope, for the sake of whoever you suspect of this thing, that you are mistaken."

"I would give a thousand pounds to know I was."

The doctor took a glass from the cupboard in the wall and dissolved some of the sugar in a little distilled water. Then he took a bit of grayish looking paper and dropped it in.

"Watch it," he said, and even as he spoke the gray paper took a bright, beautiful color, and testified with mute radiance to the truth of Ernest Dornier's suspicions.

"You were right," the doctor said; "and I was beginning to think you were a little dull, as the Scotch people say."

"I wish I had been before this came to my knowledge. How long would that box full of lozenges have taken to kill a man?"

"That depends upon how rapidly they were eaten; if too quickly they might possibly have defeated their own object by acting as an emetic."

"Oh, the directions were explicit enough. They were given to a person on board ship as a specific against sea-sickness. One was to be allowed to dissolve in the mouth every hour or so."

"And in three or four days at the outside the person would have died of sea-sickness, that nothing would stop. Such cases are not unfrequent," the doctor said. "Heaven! what diabolical ingenuity!"

"I am glad I know," said Ernest. "Will you give me a memorandum that you analyzed this for me, and sign it? I shall never publish it, but I may want it."

The doctor did so, noting down every particular, with the date, and then Ernest Dornier thrust the box into the grate, where a fire was laid, and put a nail in the shavings.

"You will let this be a secret between you and me," he said, "until I call upon you to speak."

And the doctor gave him his hand upon it, while they watched the pretty box that had taken the lady's fancy in Mr. Gawtrey's shop, burn to ashes with its tell-tale contents.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GRANGE LETTER BOX.

It was some two months before Ernest Dornier fulfilled his promise of going to Kingdon Grange. When he did so, Doris was inclined to be very wrath with him, and to indulge in half-angry banter about his non-appearance before.

"You have quite forsaken us, Ernest," she said. "I shall begin to think you are in love, and that some fine lady is taking up your time and attention."

"My time has been taken up," he replied, gravely, "but with no such frivolity as that."

"Frivolity! I am sure I always thought marriage a very serious thing. There's nothing frivolous about it, if one may believe all the married people one knows."

She spoke lightly enough, but there was a nervous ring in her voice, and she was evidently afraid of her cousin.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" she said.

"You look as solemn as though you were qualifying for the pulpit instead of being an independent gentleman."

"I have been studying poisons for one thing."

"Poisons?"

He could see that the shot told. Her face turned deathly pale, though she controlled herself by a violent effort.

"Yes; I was interested accidentally in the science of secret poisoning. I stumbled upon a list of artfully prepared sweet—delicious lozenges, by the way, and being curious in the matter, I took them to a friend of mine for analysis."

"Where did you get them?"

"Oh, they fell into my hands by accident. I paid a good price for them, having my suspicions, and I was not mistaken. A man would have died in three days from the effects of the sugar with which they were covered."

"What a horrible subject to pursue. I had no idea you had such morbid tastes."

Her voice sounded hollow and harsh, even to herself, and she was fighting valiantly with her inclination to faint, scream, do anything but sit there with her breakfast before her, seeming calm and still.

"She remembered it all now—the plunge of the sailor in the water, and her cousin's words when he came out. Ernest Dornier had seen the packet, and it had been rescued and placed in his hands by the sailor."

"What is he going to do?" she asked herself. "Is he going to publish the fact that his cousin—Bah! he can do nothing. He holds no proof that I had ought to do with the contents of the box. Will he have peace or war? If he chooses the latter, he shall have it to the knife, if the former, well and good. I don't want to break with my friends."

"I don't think my tastes are morbid," he replied. "The subject was forced upon me. Did your pedigree get sickly to Australia, Doris?"

"My pedigree?"

"Yes, the young surgeon—what was his name?"

"Oh, Mr. Selwyn. He was no pedigree of mine particularly. He came here occasionally in a professional way, that was all. No I have not heard yet, but I am expecting to do so very much."

The letter bag, with its complement of papers and letters, was brought in as he spoke, and an envelope bearing the Australian stamp was handed to her.

"You know the vulgar proverb," she said.

"Yes, I know. Talk of Mr. Selwyn, and you get a letter from him—is that it?"

"Exactly."

She handed the letters and papers to their respective owners, and with a slight apology to her cousin she opened Amphlett Selwyn's letter.

Ernest Dornier soon disposed of his own correspondence, and Mrs. Bell set herself deliberately to wade through a long, feminine-looking epistle she held in her hand.

When she saw Ernest take up a newspaper, Doris spoke.

"Are you interested in Mr. Selwyn?" she asked.

"I was."

"Then you will be glad to hear he is safely arrived in Melbourne. You can read his letter."

She tossed it towards him, envelope and all, but kept a small piece of paper in her hand. It was brief and business-like enough, but it was a very kind request, I hasten to inform you of my safe arrival in Australia, where you will doubtless be glad to hear I have every prospect of doing well. I suffered scarcely anything on the voyage. In the first newspaper I picked up in the colony

I saw the enclosed advertisement, and by a strange coincidence met the man who had inserted it. He is a sort of detective, employed in private inquiries, and that sort of thing. His real reason for advertising is that the woman mentioned is suspected of murder. He says there isn't the shadow of a doubt; but, of course, they always hold out the bait of 'something to their advantage' in these advertisements. I read you the copy, because the somewhat uncommon name of the man mentioned is that of the person I have heard you speak of who disappeared, and whose child you so generously adopted. I did not tell the person advertising that I had ever heard the name mentioned. He is a vulgar, funny sort of person, and might annoy you with letters. I will wait your permission to do so. Trusting you are well and Mrs. Bell, I am, madam, with gratitude for all your kindness, yours faithfully,

AMPHLETT SELWYN.

"Miss Carlyn, Kingdon Grange."

"What does the fellow mean by underlining 'all' in that manner?" asked Ernest Dornier, looking up.

"I'm sure I don't know. My kindness to him was nothing. Some people have a trick of doing it."

"It is a very unusual trick in a business man. Is that the advertisement he talks about?"

"Yes."

She gave it to him, as he fancied, with some reluctance. It must have been fancy, for there was nothing in it to concern Doris Carlyn in the least.

"Fancy reading that child's name in a bit of newspaper from the Antipodes," she said, with a laugh. "It must be a common name after all."

"Read it out, Mr. Dornier," said Mrs. Bell, from behind the urn. "I like to hear those funny advertisements, where people get themselves and their names all that sort of thing. They're so funny."

"Austin is always on the lookout for a chance of a romance; but read it, Ernest. Who is the advertising man I wonder?"

Ernest Dornier read the advertisement with a strange feeling creeping over him; yet, but for the words of Amphlett Selwyn's letter, the little paragraph was simple enough.

"TWENTY POUNDS REWARD."

Wanted, the address of Teresa Selwyn, supposed to be the daughter of a Mexican Jeweler. Said Teresa Selwyn was married in June, 1873, to Ralph Rutherford, merchant, of that time resident at Tampico, on the west coast of Mexico. Any person giving such information as shall lead to the discovery of her whereabouts shall receive the above reward. Should it meet the eye of Ernest Selwyn, he will also apply to the office of Starling, Lake, and Shipman, Victoria-street, Melbourne, New South Wales, who will hear of something greatly to her advantage.

Ernest Dornier noted down the address in his pocket-book, and handed the slip of paper back to his cousin.

"Are you going to answer it?" she asked, in amazement.

"Well, perhaps."

"Do you know anything about this—what is her name—Teresa?"

"I never heard of her before in my life. I'm going to ferret out Ralph Rutherford's history if I can."

"If you can, yes."

"I don't often fail in what I undertake, but I've some news for you here."

"More advertisements?"

"Not exactly, though these fashionable intelligence paragraphs ought to be inserted and changed for as such. However, this one is something more interesting than some of them. It concerns an old friend, or perhaps I should say acquaintance, of yours."

"Who do you mean?"

"Jasper Onslow."

"Oh, the painter."

Doris did not seem much interested. She looked at her watch, yawned, and remarked that it was late.

"Yes, the painter. You didn't yawn at the sound of his name once upon a time?"

"No, I was really interested in him, until he made such an utter fool of himself. I am quite sick-sickly interested in him now, as you are to hear he is doing well, and retrieving the blunder he made. The present news is as good as that at least."

"Quite as good. He has succeeded to a fortune."

"A fortune?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Something that cannot be counted, it seems. But listen."

"STRAIGHT SOUTH'S ANSWER TO GREAT WEALTH." Truth is stranger than fiction, the old adage says, and the truth and aptitude of the saying are sometimes verified in a singular manner. A young man, named Jasper Onslow, a few years since a painter of some note and considerable talent, but since fallen into misadventures, was recently called to the deathbed of a distant relative in Lancashire, and informed that he was his heir.

The property consisted of a small freehold tenement and a few thousand francs ready money. This the dying man proposed to give him, and the assertion was verified by the parish priest, with whom he was very intimate, and who had been cognizant of all his affairs for years. When the heir came to search the house in presence of and assisted by the priest, he found stowed away in a box money and jewels to an almost fabulous amount. The fortunate legatee has returned to London, and is about to establish himself at the West-end. Mr. Onslow is of good family—the Onslows of Starcross, in South Devon—and his wife is said to be







**My First (and Last) Descent into a Lead-Mine.**

BY R. BRANDEN.

I happened to be staying at a friend's house in one of the northern counties of England one summer, when it was suggested by our host that I should ride over to Atherstone, and see the splendid hydraulic engine which had been recently erected for the purpose of draining the lead-mines. My ardor was but slightly damped when I was told that an inspection of the engine was not to be accomplished without the hazard of a tiring and comparatively dangerous descent of the "climbing-way."

There were at the time I speak of but few hydraulic engines of the kind we proposed to visit, so the resolve to make the inspection was, in spite of its comparative danger to a novice, quickly formed when, on arriving at the mine, we went for the "captain" of the works, and under his directions, divested ourselves of all our clothes, and substituted the common working-dress of the miners; and each of us was furnished with a lump of clay about the size of an orange, into which (a hole being made with your thumb) a half-penny candle was inserted. Our party consisted of the captain, one of the miners, my cousin, and myself.

A few yards distant from the "coe" (or hut in which we had made our toilet) was a trap-door about a yard square, and this being opened, disclosed a nasty black-looking hole, that might have been "any depth," but which was, it seems, only sixty feet. On two of the opposite sides of the mine, and resting on little ledges in the angles, were long pieces of wood about three inches wide by about an inch and a half thick, and eighteen inches above the other. The captain (whom we will call Mr. Darton) first descended after him, then my cousin, and last of all my humble servant. The mode of progression consisted in digging the outside edge of the soles of your boots into the side of the shaft, so as to get all the hold you could of the narrow ledges of the "stemples," as they are called; and as to your hands, you were cautioned not to lay hold of the nearest stemple to your shoulder, but rather to stoop and rest on the lowest one practicable; so that, in case of a foot slipping, the muscles of the arm might not be suddenly called upon when in a comparatively relaxed position of a bent elbow.

Sixty feet of this sort of work brought us to a gallery about five yards in length, and at the end of this was another sixty feet of climbing-way, and then another gallery, and so on, until we reached the "level," into which, at quarter-minute intervals, a tremendous body of water rushed through a cast-iron pipe about twenty inches in diameter. This intermittent little river—for it really was one in miniature—was the water lifted by the engine at every stroke—and she was making at that time four strokes a minute.

Our difficulties now had their commencement. "The engine, gentlemen," said our very intelligent guide, "is at the other end of that pipe, and the pipe is fifteen feet long. We must crawl through it, one at a time; and I can tell you it is rather an awkward journey. I will go first, and you can form an idea of the way of crawling by seeing that I do. Be careful to raise yourselves as high as you can when you hear the valve of the engine claps, for that is the sign she is beginning her stroke, and the water will be through like a shot; so mind and let it run under you, and take care it does not put your candle out."

We promised to observe all his cautions, and he at once crept into the pipe. There was something frightful about the whole affair, and the danger seemed magnified by the tremendous noise of the valve every time it went to on the return stroke. It was, even at our end of the pipe, like a clap of thunder, and seemed to shake the solid limestone rock against which we stood.

After about a minute's interval, we heard Darton shout to us to come on, but to be careful, and not enter more than one at a time, and for each to wait till the other had got well through.

My cousin now essayed the journey, and being, as he was a sixteen-stone man, and forty-four inches round the chest, I felt exceedingly nervous on the score of his safe arrival at the other side. Having waited for the next lift of water to run off, he instantly entered the pipe; but on getting half-way through, he turned his shoulders too square, and was for a few moments quite fast, and before he could right himself again the engine made another stroke; the consequence being that the water was instantly jammed up to his face, and the candle put out. A violent struggle and an involuntary raising of the body allowed the water to get away; and he had fortunately just time to get his breath and be ready for the next rush of water, which came with its usual tremendous force; but he was able to allow it to pass under him. By dint of great exertion, he emerged on the other side quite safe, but a good deal frightened.

I would now most willingly have retraced my steps, but did not like being "shuffled," as he can go up to five hundred horse-power, and could then make seven strokes a minute. When I saw her she was at about half her power. To give some idea of her size, I may mention that the joints alone of the upright piston-rod were at least the size of a farming-wagon body! The operation of taking in the water for each stroke, accompanied as it was by the inward opening of the valve, and the sound of the water, was awful enough; but, as I said previously, the closing of the same valve by the sudden pressure of the column of water equal to five hundred horse-power, was a thing to "remember."

The shaft in which we now stood was about a hundred and thirty yards in depth, and fifteen feet diameter, and in this awful place was the stupendous engine constantly going night and day, in a darkness made almost more invisible by our little candles.

And now came a serious question—Shall we return through that horrible pipe, or shall we ascend by the ladders in the engine-shaft? The alternative was as follows: If we went through the pipe, there was the danger of sticking fast, and if by the main shaft, there was no sort of protection in case of a slip off a ladder; and these ladders were ranged one above another in lengths of about thirty feet, and as nearly as possible perpendicularly, with no sort of fence or guard. At the top of each length was a small platform of wood, about a yard square; and these were the only resting-places for the men as they went up and down. Darton told us that if we decided to go by the main shaft we must, when once started, go forward; that no retracing of one's steps could be allowed, and that we must not attempt to look down.

After a few minutes' deliberation, we resolved to go up by the ladders. I went last, and what with the darkness, the tremendous noise of the engine which she took the stroke, and last, not least, an incident that I hope never to experience again, I never was more uncomfortable in my life. We had arrived within about twenty yards of the top, and I felt very much fatigued, and the tallow from the candle I held had run all over my right hand, which circumstances rendered a hold of the ladder-staves somewhat insecure. To rest my aching arms, I happened to lean back with all my weight, when about the top of the last ladder but two, and this caused the nail fastening that side of the ladder nearest to the wall to draw out, and the ladder itself to twist round! It is now thirty years ago, but I can almost at the present day feel my hair stand on end, as it most assuredly did at that instant. Thank God, the other side held, and I got safely to the top; but I resolved that for the future my proceedings should be best described by the words composing the heading of this article.

**TALES OF THE OPERAS.****MARTHA.****CHAPTER I.  
MASQUERADING.**

It was on a fine autumn morning of the year of grace 1774, when merry England was indeed a joyous dwelling place, that Lady Henrietta Vavasour was seated in the tiring-room of her country house near Richmond Place. She was young, rich, beautiful, and, moreover, a prime favorite of great Queen Bess, who then ruled the land.

But, notwithstanding all these advantages, Lady Henrietta was not happy. "The Most Honorable the Lord Tristan Mickleface, to wait on your ladyship," said a servant, as he announced and was closely followed by that very exquisite elderly "beau of the olden time," who, with a rare bouquet in his hand, daintily advanced to pay his compliments to the young and noble lady.

"My lovely cousin, I come to pay my profound homage, and to beg your acceptance of these few flowers—imperfect emblems of your own charming perfections," said the debonair old courtier, as he dropped with difficulty on one knee, after the fashion of the time, to present his bouquet.

"Nonsense, Lord Tristan! Rise, I beg," "I don't think his lordship can manage to rise without help, my lady," laughingly whispered a fair young tirewoman, an especial favorite, as she demurely assisted the old nobleman to recover his feet.

"Well, my lord, what brings you here this early this morning?" "Do you not recollect?" "No."

"It is the great day of the races in the Park, you know."

"And what of that?"

"Are you not going?"

"I am tired of races."

"But it will be a splendid sight."

"All the world will be there."

"I am tired of all the world."

"Oh, fie!"

"This room is insufferably hot. Give me my fan, Nancy."

"Permit me," said the old beau, as he hobbled to fetch it.

"It is a perfect oven! Open the casement, girl."

"Allow me!" and he flew as fast as his poor decrepit legs would carry him to execute the stern command.

"Mercy upon us! the wind blows in like a hurricane. Shut it again, or I shall catch my death of cold!"

"And once more the venerable slave of this young noblewoman's caprices was making the best of his way across the apartment to close the window, when suddenly a stentorian chorus was heard lustily singing.

"What is that?" inquired the Lady Henrietta, starting up with unvoiced interest.

"It's the old statue fair song; it's very pretty," said Nancy.

"How happy they seem!" murmured the young lady, approaching, and gazing out of the window.

"They're a parcel of donkeys," said Lord Tristan.

"They are honest servants, who want places, and are going to the yearly statue fair, held on the green to-day."

"I should like to see this statue fair. You and I will disguise ourselves as country servants, and go and mingle in the throng."

"A capital idea!" exclaimed the maid.

"A most insane one!" said the lord.

"Do you think so?" demanded Henrietta.

"I do, indeed."

"Very well; then you shall go with us."

"I!" exclaimed the old beau, with alacrity.

"You! I have those peasant's garments which I wore at her Majesty's last masked ball; they will do excellently well for my disguise."

"You will never think of degrading yourself thus?"

"I will. And, furthermore, I insist upon your doing the same thing."

"Well, I won't refuse—I don't refuse."

"Then go instantly to your lodgings. In a quarter of an hour Nancy shall bring you some clothes. In half an hour I shall expect you to escort us to the statue fair."

"Ah! you are a great tyrant; but, nevertheless, I fly to execute your command," murmured the old beau, as, kissing the hand of his fair enslaver, he quitted the apartment.

And now the Lady Henrietta, with a lighter heart than she had felt for many a long day, prepared to dress for her coming adventure, little dreaming of the consequences that fate held in store for her.

Meanwhile, the farm-laborers and servants had trudged gaily along the dusty road, making the welkin ring with their cheery old song, and at length reached the village green.

As the village clock chimed the three-quarters past eleven, the crowd, in accordance with ancient custom, flocked into various refreshment-booths to enjoy the usual ten minutes allotted for quaffing a glass or two of ale, preparatory to the formal opening of the fair by the Sheriff, which took place precisely at mid-day.

While the green was thus, for the moment, well-nigh emptied of its promiscuous, a couple of exceedingly well-dressed and well-looking young farmers were seen approaching from a neighboring lane, doubtless for the purpose of hiring their necessary help for the coming twelvemonth. They had evidently come from some little distance, for the neat cart in which they drove was much bespattered with mud, and their horses, although a very good one, showed traces of a somewhat lengthened and rapid journey.

"Here we are at last, brother," said the taller and stouter of them, as he drove up to the principal booths, and gave their conveyance into the charge of an ostler, who instantly made his appearance on hearing the measured hoof-beat, and the rasp of the

rumbling wheels over the newly-gravelled road.

"Yes, here we are at last!" repeated the other, as they descended.

"Take care of the most old fellow!" said the one of the new comers who appeared to be the elder; "let her have a dry rub down, a good feed of oats, a shake of sweet hay to fall back upon, and half a bucket of spring water, with a handful of barley-meal stirred in it."

"All right, your honor!" answered the servant, as he led the plain but substantial conveyance away to the temporary stables at the back of the booth.

These two young men, although not brothers in blood, were yet bound together by the closest ties of affection. They were both nearly of the same age, and possessed of similar tastes, habits and dispositions.

The elder—a prosperous yeoman, named Plunket—had, since the recent death of his only surviving parent, become proprietor of a snug freehold farm, which had been in the occupation of his family ever since the days of Henry VI. But the birth and parentage of the younger—Lionel—was shrouded in mystery.

During the sad troubles at the close of Queen Mary's disastrous reign and the advent of Elizabeth, he had one night been brought to Plunket's father by a stranger, who, leaving a heavy purse of gold, entreated hospitality for the babe, and vanished so quickly from the house as to preclude all hope of explanation. When the purse was opened it was also found to contain a ring enclosed in a scrap of parchment, on which was written:—"Your kind care and fosterage is entreated for this infant, who may one day be called to high destinies. If, from any cause whatever, danger should threaten his life or his well-being, let this ring be conveyed to the Queen; it will protect him from all open or concealed enemies, however numerous or powerful. His name is Lionel."

The good old farmer and his wife received the foundling thus strangely cast upon their care with open arms. They brought him up with their own only son, and bestowed on him an equal share of kindly care and affectionate attention.

The contents of the purse had enabled them to add considerably to their "holding," and at their decease the foster-brothers found themselves left in joint possession of one of the prettiest and most profitable farms in the whole county of Surrey.

The mother of the child, who had taken the management of the property during her life, having died a few months previous to the opening of our tale, the two young men now for the first time visited the statue fair at Richmond for the purpose of the annual hiring of servants.

"What a scene of confusion!" remarked Lionel, as he looked with astonishment at the crowds of merry lads and lasses rushing from the tents and booths, and hesitating to take their places, so that all should be in due order on the arrival of the Sheriff, who was now momentarily expected to proclaim the fair open.

"What a monstrous glibble-gabble! The Tower of Babel couldn't have been worse," exclaimed Plunket.

"Let us hire the two servants we require, and be off home at once."

"With all my heart; but we must wait until the statue-hiring is proclaimed open, or the engagements won't be binding."

"How long will it be?"

"Only a few minutes. It commences exactly as the clock strikes twelve. Have you seen any thing likely to suit us?"

"Not yet," answered the other, glancing around.

"Ah, we miss our poor mother sadly!" "We do, indeed!"

"As our three men continue with us, we only require a female house-servant and a dairy-maid."

"That is all."

As the brothers wander up and down, chatting pleasantly with some strong, burly lasses they fancy likely to suit, the village clock strikes mid-day, the Sheriff makes his appearance on a platform in the centre of the green, and, at the last stroke of the hour, proclaims that the hirings may lawfully begin; the offerings and acceptance of earnest-money never less than a shilling, and never more than a crown or rose-noble—being the legal completion of the bargain.

In an instant, the confusion and hubbub became positively astounding. Scores of male and female servants, young and old, pretty and ugly, suddenly burst forth in ear-piercing vociferations of what they could do and the wages they would take; while dozens of masters and mistresses, in equally shrill or stentorian tones, proclaimed their services to be wanted, and the wages they would give. Terms were discussed, and refused or agreed upon; many bargains were struck; and very soon innumerable little deputations to the booths and tents gave good ground for supposing earnest-money had been paid, and part of it, at all events, was about to be devoted to the further refreshment of the willing recruits.

In the midst of this scene of boisterous but good-humored bustle, two other female servants came upon the scene, and mingled with the throng of chattering crowd. They were both good-looking lasses, and very neatly and appropriately dressed, forming a strong contrast to many of their ruder competitors. At a little distance behind them a close observer might have remarked a tall, grim, thin-faced, elderly farmer, hobbling along, as if the rheumatism had taken hold of his bones for many a long year.

This elderly person, in whom our readers will doubtless recognize a recent acquaintance, was speedily surrounded by a whole bevy of gossamer lads and lasses, who, attracted by his singular appearance, began by offering all sorts of unheard-of services, and demanding every variety of exorbitant wages, until, half-driven to despair, he consented to stand horns of "jolly good ale and old" all round, and was thereupon borne off, with loud hurrahs, to the interior of one of the principal refreshment places, where for the present he must be left, to get rid of his good-humored young tormentors as best he can.

Meanwhile the brothers, who had been hitherto vainly looking round for the sort of servants they required, chanced to observe the two young girls who had just come on the green, and were now sauntering about and enjoying the fun most amazingly.

"Eh? There are a couple of lasses who, I fancy, may suit us. They seem clean and neat little bodies," whispered Lionel.

"True; and they're good-looking, honest faces, I think," replied Plunket.

"Very good-looking—very honest," pursued the other.

"Suppose we accost 'em?"

"With all my heart. You are the eldest; you shall be spokesman."

Notwithstanding their disguises, the maids can be readily recognized as the Lady Henrietta and her maid. Having noticed the fixed gaze and whispered consultation of the brothers, they resolved to carry on the joke. So when Plunket addressed an inquiry to them concerning their professional capabilities, they gave the assurance that one was a most capital dairy-maid, the other

the best cook and housemaid in the whole county. After a great deal of gay, harmless badinage, a bargain was struck, and earnest money offered and accepted.

The ladies looked upon it as an admirable joke—the brothers, as a stern reality. So, having ordered their horse to be put to, they announced their intention of taking their servants immediately home to the farm-house.

The Lady Henrietta and her little tirewoman were terrified beyond measure on finding that, by the acceptance of the earnest-money, they had unwittingly made a legal and binding contract. They dared not declare who they really were; and, in spite of their protestations and entreaties, at length driven off in the brothers' market-cart, ruminating sadly on the perplexing position in which their joke had placed them, and resolving to make their escape, by some means or other, as soon as possible.

**CHAPTER II.****A PERPLEXING SITUATION.**

When the bewildered mistress and maid arrived at the young farmers' dwelling, their two employers soon found that, however they might admire the charming features of their new dairy-maid and cook, they had been woefully deceived with regard to the value of their services. Neither of them seemed to know anything whatever of the commonest household duties, and what was worse, showed no disposition to learn. Both whimpered, and in spite of all remonstrances, sat themselves down on the sofa in the best parlor, vowing that they were too tired to keep their eyes open any longer; wishing, no doubt, to be once more alone together, in order to concoct a plan of escape from their most unpleasant thralldom.

Lionel, who seems to have fallen over head and ears in love with the disguised Lady Henrietta, would willingly have overlooked the deception practised on them by the useless "helps," who, as his brother roundly protested, were "not worth their salt."

He even offered to assist Henrietta in the performance of the necessary duties of the evening; but Plunket—while he, too, could scarcely conceal a liking which he quite sufficient strength of mind to command the immediate execution of several little essential kitchen duties. His behests, however, were uttered in so stern a tone, that, to his astonishment, he not only received an exceedingly pert reply, but the saucy girl gave him so energetic a box on the ears that he staggered back in amazement, and his cheek bore certain significant finger-marks for well nigh a week afterwards.

Still, as both were more or less decidedly smitten with the personal charms of their new servants, matters were soon accommodated, and a truce was proclaimed, work was announced to be over for that night, and the brothers retired to rest, leaving their discomfited servant-maids to seek their bedrooms.

After waiting in mute expectation for a few moments, and listening to the receding footfalls, they got softly up from the sofa, peered about into all the cupboards, recesses, and crannies of the old parlor and kitchen; a truce was proclaimed, work was announced to be over for that night, and the brothers retired to rest, leaving their discomfited servant-maids to seek their bedrooms.

They next proceeded, with great caution, to unlodge the window shutters; and having effected this task with some difficulty, for they were of ponderous old black oak, they found, to their great joy, that, with the help of a chair, easy admission could be gained into a garden, at the back of which nothing but an old quick-set hedge separated them from the high road.

Hitherto, both had kept profoundly silent. But now they had a whispered colloquy.

"Nancy?"

"My lady?"

"What shall we do next?"

"Ah! what, indeed?"

"We must fly?"

"But where? I have no idea in what part of the country we are."

"And I am equally in ignorance."

"Who can we get to guide us from this lone place at such an hour?"

"I can't tell, I'm sure."

"Oh, my lady, this is very shocking."

"It is dreadful!"

"And yet those farmers seem brave and honest men."

"Yes; and kindly ones, too."

"And very respectful."

"No doubt; but they appear quite determined not to part with the horse and cart."

"In the stable, I think; but we should never be able to get it out and harness it. And if we were, the noise of the rumbling old wheels would most certainly wake them."

"That's very true, my lady. Do you think we could get the horse out, and both ride away on that?"

"Impossible! Oh, dear me! If the Queen knew of this, I should be lost! She would never admit me at court again. I should be banished from her presence, and become the laughing-stock of all the courtiers. I should never survive it!"

"Eh! Hark! Listen, my lady! What is that sound?"

"The noise of wheels."

"And getting louder and louder."

"Yes, yes; nearer and nearer."

"Mercy upon me! You hear it still, my lady?"

"Yes; and—and I think I see it."

"A carriage! Yes, it is a carriage! And it stops not fifty yards off, where there seems to be a turning in another road."

"Our friends are on our track!"

"Hush! some one descends from the carriage—it is Lord Tristan!"

"He's a fine, fine, genty old fellow. I declare I'll never make game of him again."

"He approaches—now he opens the garden gate—he enters. Hiss!—hiss! this way, my lord."

There was a momentary pause of intense expectation, and then the poor, shrivelled face of the old nobleman made its appearance at the casement, with a grim frown from upon it, that seemed quite sufficient to frighten the two poor, forlorn damsels out of their wits.

But need we say it changed as if by magic into an enraptured smile, when the Lady Henrietta threw her magnificent arms round his neck, and greeted him, before he could utter one word, with a hearty "kiss?"

Never was the old nobleman so enchanted before, since the world began. He had come prepared to empty the vials of his wrath on her devoted head; but her charming ripe lips had, without speaking one syllable, transformed Hadon into Elysium.

He was utterly conquered—speechless with delight.

"Hush!" whispered she—"be silent! If that is not sufficient reward for the very great service you have rendered me—why, when we have got back safe and sound to Richmond I'll give you another."

Not one word more was spoken. In the dark, silent night they glided out of the window, through the garden, down the lane, and rapidly ascending the carriage, were, by the help of four excellent horses, in less than a couple of hours comfortably seated, chatting merrily, in the lady's drawing-room.

When the young farmers arose at dawn next morning, no words can describe their disappointment at finding the birds had flown, without leaving a single trace of their whereabouts.

**CHAPTER III.****A HAPPY CONSUMMATION.**

Several months had passed away since the strange adventure of the statue-fair. Autumn had faded into winter, but the arrival of once merry Christmas brought no joy to the old farm-house; for the passion which Lionel had so suddenly conceived for one of his "servants of a day" appeared to have driven him well nigh to distraction. He mooped about the house or wandered gloomily through the neighborhood, avoided all society, took no interest in the farm-work and those field sports and labors which had hitherto been one of his chief delights, hardly vouchsafed a word of reply to his foster-brother's kindly remonstrances, and seemed to be fast becoming a melancholy misanthrope.

Spring returned, in her mantle of green, spangled with flowers and posies; but she brought with her no amelioration of Lionel's condition. He still wandered listlessly about, and seemed even more indifferent than ever to all the charms with which nature so lavishly clothed the neighborhood of that lovely village, near which the events of our tale occurred.

But at this period an incident took place, which had the effect of bringing about a sudden and complete alteration in his present position and future prospects.

As if by some strange magnetic sympathy, the mind of the Lady Henrietta, after the adventure of that memorable day and night when she was conveyed to, and escaped from, the young farmers' dwelling, seemed to undergo some unaccountable change.

Formerly, she was listless, and oppressed by lassitude; now she had become restless and impressionable. The impulsive and generous temper and kindliness which always marked her bearing to and intercourse with her servants and dependants, had given place to frequent ill-humor. Even her personal friends were occasionally subject to these sudden gusts of passion. Before last Michaelmas statue-fair, everybody said she was blessed with the most equable temperament in the world; now all was changed.

The weather-cock on the summit of Richmond church-steeple was not more uncertain in its ever-varying movements.

It would seem as if a genial, gentle temper had been overwhelmed by love. And it was too true. The young, high born lady had, during the short but eventful intercourse of that one day, unwittingly exchanged hearts with the young yeoman farmer.

Neither was aware of it at the time; both found it out gradually afterwards.

Yes, the little girl had taken excellent aim, notwithstanding his blindness. He had shot his arrows home. There was no help for it. The barb could not be withdrawn. The delicious barb had taken effect, and was coursing through every vein. So it was—so it must be!

Magnitism is rapidly becoming a real science. Its vast powers, and its wondrous laws, are being fast developed; but will the knowledge of its profound mysteries ever enable them to unravel the laws which regulate and govern the magnetism of mutual affection? We doubt it.

It will be recollected that the mysterious personage who left Lionel, when an infant, to the care of a kind-hearted farmer, deposited with him a ring, with instructions on the parchment in which it was enclosed, that if ever the health or safety of the child should seem to require such a course, it should be sent to the Queen.

Now, when Plunket was compelled to be a daily and hourly witness of the continuance of those morbid symptoms which were increasingly overshadowing the intellect and influencing the conduct of his poor foster-brother, he privately determined to consult a neighboring physician, who was a man of much skill and vast experience in the treatment of all diseases of the mind.

The medical man soon afterwards called at the farm, on the pretext of purchasing some live stock, of which the woman's family had for years been far famed breeders; and he saw, and had a long conversation with Lionel, who had no suspicion of the real object of his visit. Quite enough transpired between them to convince the clever son of Esculapius that no medicine or treatment with which he was acquainted could effect any alteration in the love-lorn swain's condition; that something was preying on his mind with maddening power, and unless the cause could be removed, he would, in the course of no very long time, become a helpless, though harmless, maniac.

When Plunket heard this unwelcome news, he was deeply grieved and sorely perplexed. At first, he bethought him of procuring some other and possibly more skillful advice; but then, where could he obtain it? Who was more capable than the man who first made so unfavorable a report?

There certainly was Dr. Masters, the Queen's own physician, who was renowned through Europe for his profound professional knowledge and acumen. But he had long discontinued private practice. Still, perhaps, he might, by some means, be prevailed on to come.

At length, while sadly cogitating over the matter, it struck him that the time had come to make use of the ring.

He would take means to have it conveyed to her Majesty's hands. Lionel's health had been pronounced in imminent danger; the occasion had arisen to test the efficacy of its power. The crisis had come—the Queen was even now at her palace at Richmond. Dr. Masters would assuredly be there in attendance on his Sovereign, and if the little talisman had any power whatever, it would at least secure a royal command for his immediate aid. He therefore resolved on the morning to adventure on this supreme attempt to save the life and reason of his dear foster-brother.

That very night, without mentioning a word to Lionel on the subject, he took the ring and its parchment instructions from the old oak chest in which it had so long lain hid, and at dawn next morning he proceeded to Richmond Palace.

A few little difficulties, the ring in its envelope was sent up to her Majesty. It effected all he had ventured to hope—more, much more, than ever his wildest dreams had pictured, for it procured him a private interview with Elizabeth herself, who, after many close and searching questions concerning the circumstances under which the infant had been confided to his father's care, not only ordered Dr. Masters to ac-

company him home, but intimated that she herself would send further directions on the subject in the course of the following morning.







## ONE WEEK AFTER.

BY MAUD.

It was here you stood, and a week had gone;  
There's a deeper tinge in the blush of the pink,  
The green is grown to a deeper shade;  
Your eyes are smiling, and yet I think—  
Oh, woman heart—that they are not!  
The spot where you stood, and a week had gone;  
Do I blame you, then? May I blame you still,  
Mid the pangs of love, for the small, sweet gain.

I blame your hand for the gentle touch,  
Your voice for the calm, low tones that day,  
That kept me from feeling overmuch,  
The sting of the words you had to say.  
In your eyes there glowed a tender light,  
On your lips there lay a half-smile,  
Oh, never a beautiful hope was kind,  
To its death so sweetly as this mine.

Blame? May, if a blossoming tree could mistake  
A flower, which blows from a green garden side,  
For its own white beauty, and grow for its sake,  
Proud and happy as a flower could be,  
Could it chide the flower for its own fond heart,  
When the flower, wither'd and droop'd and fell?  
No! I long my dear heart here at my feet,  
With only a blessing—sweetheart, farewell.

## EAST LYNNE;

OR  
THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

[This serial was commenced in No. 31. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-vendors throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. CARLYLE INVITED TO SOME PATE DE FOIE GRAS.

A bright morning wind swept round the domains of East Lynne. Bending the tall poplar-trees in the distance, swaying the oak and elm nearer, rustling the fine old chestnuts in the park; a melancholy, sweeping, fateful wind. The weather had changed from brightness and warmth, and heavy, gathering clouds seemed to be threatening rain; so at least, deemed one wayfarer, who was journeying on a solitary road, that Saturday night.

He was on foot. A man attired in the garb of a soldier, with black, curling tresses of hair, and black curling whiskers; a prodigious pair of whiskers, hiding his neck above his blue, turned collar, hiding partially his face. The glared hat, brought low upon his brow, concealed it still more; and he wore a loose, rough pea-jacket and wide rough trousers hitched up with a belt. Bearing steadily on, he struck into Beaulieu, a by-way already mentioned in this history, and from thence passing through a small, unfrequented gate, he found himself in the grounds of East Lynne.

"Let me see," mused he, as he closed the gate behind him, and slipped the bolt. "The covered walk? That must be near the avenue trees. Then I must walk round to the right. I wonder if either of them will be there, waiting for me?"

Yes. Pacing the covered walk in her bonnet and mantle, as if taking an evening stroll—had any one encountered her, which was very unlikely, seeing that it was the most retired spot in the grounds—was Mrs. Carlyle.

"Oh, Richard! my poor brother!" Locked in a yearning embrace, emotion overpowered both. Barbara sobbed like a child. A little while, and then he put her from him, to look at her.

"Oh Barbara, you are a wife now!" "Oh the happiest wife!" Richard, sometimes I ask myself what I have done, that God should have showered down blessings so great upon me. But for the sad trouble when I think of you, my life would be as one long summer's day. I have the sweetest baby—nearly a year old he is now; I shall have another soon, God willing. And Archibald—oh, I am so happy!"

She broke suddenly off with the name "Archibald!" not even to Richard could she speak of her intense love and happiness in her husband.

"How is it at the Grove?" he asked. "Quite well; quite as usual. Mamma has been in better health lately. She does not know of this visit, but—"

"I must see her," interrupted Richard. "I did not see her last time, you remember." "All in good time to talk of that. How are you getting on in Liverpool? What are you doing?"

"Don't inquire too closely, Barbara. I have no regular work, but I get a job at the docks, now and then, and rub on. It is reasonable help, that, which comes to me occasionally from you. Is it from you or Carlyle?"

Barbara laughed. "How are we to distinguish? His money is mine now, and mine is his. We don't have separate purses, Richard; we send it to you jointly."

"Sometimes I have fancied it came from my mother."

Barbara shook her head. "We have never allowed mamma to know that you left London, or that we hold an address where we can write to you. It would not have been done."

"Why have you summoned me here, Barbara? What has turned up?"

"Thorn has—I think. You would know him again, Richard?"

"Know him?" passionately echoed Richard. "Where?"

"Where you are aware that a contest for the membership is going on at West Lynne?"

"I saw it in the newspapers. Carlyle against Sir Francis Levison. I saw, Barbara, how could he think of coming here to oppose Carlyle after his doings with Lady Isabel?"

"I don't know," said Barbara. "I wonder that he should come here for other reasons also. First of all, Richard, tell me how you came to know Sir Francis Levison. You say you did know him, and that you had seen him with Thorn."

"So I do know him," answered Richard, "and I saw him with Thorn twice."

"Know him by sight only, I presume. Let me hear how you came to know him."

"He was pointed out to me. I saw him walk arm-in-arm with a gentleman, and I showed them to the waterman at the cabstand hard by. 'Do you know that fellow?' I asked him, indicating Thorn, for I wanted to come at who he really is—which I didn't do. 'I don't know that one,' the old chap answered, 'but the one with him is Levison the baronet. They are often together—a couple of swells, both.' And a couple of swells they looked."

"And that's how you got to know Levison?"

self-same action. In the impulse of the moment I wrote off for you, that you might come and set the doubt at rest. I need not have done it, it seems, for when Mr. Carlyle returned home that evening, and I acquainted him with what I had done, he told me that Thorn and Francis Levison are one and the same. Otway Bethel recognized him that same afternoon, and so did Ebenezer James."

"They'd both know him," eagerly cried Richard. "James I am positive would, for he was skulking down to Halliwell's often then, and saw Thorn a dozen times. Otway Bethel must have seen him also, though he protested he had not. Barbara?"

The name was uttered in a fright, and Richard plunged amidst the trees, for somebody was in sight—a tall, dark form, advancing from the end of the walk. Barbara smiled. It was only Mr. Carlyle, and Richard emerged again.

"Fears still, Richard?" Mr. Carlyle exclaimed, as he shook Richard cordially by the hand. "So you have changed your travelling toggery?"

"I couldn't venture here again in the old suit; it had been seen, you said," returned Richard. "I bought this rig-out yesterday, second-hand. Two pounds for the lot—I think they shaved me."

"Ringlets and all?" laughed Mr. Carlyle. "It's the old hair, oiled and curled," cried Dick. "The barber charged a shilling for doing it, and cut my hair into the bargain. I told him not to spare grease, for I liked the curls to shine—sailors always do. Mr. Carlyle, Barbara says that Levison and that brute Thorn—the one's as much of a brute as the other, though—have turned out to be the same."

"They have, Richard, as it appears. Nevertheless it may be as well for you to take a private view of Levison before anything is done. You once did by the other Thorn. It would not do to make a stir, and then discover that there was a mistake—that he was not Thorn."

"When can I see him?" asked Richard, eagerly.

"It must be contrived somehow. Were you to hang about the doors of the Raven—this evening, even—you'd be sure to get the opportunity, for he is always passing in and out. No one will know you, or think of you, either; their heads are turned with the election."

"I shall look odd to people's eyes. You don't get many sailors in West Lynne."

"Not odd at all. We have a Russian bear here at present, and you'll be nobody beside him."

"A Russian bear?" repeated Richard, while Barbara laughed.

"Mr. Otway Bethel has returned in what is popularly supposed to be a bear's hide; hence the name. He is greeted with, 'Will it turn out, Richard, that he had anything to do with the murder?'"

Richard shook his head.

"He couldn't have had, Mr. Carlyle; I have said so all along. But about Levison. If I find him to be the man Thorn, what steps can then be taken?"

"That's the difficulty," said Mr. Carlyle. "Who will set it going? Who will move in it?"

"You must, Richard."

"I?" uttered Richard Hare, in consternation. "I move in it?"

"You, yourself. Who else is there? I have been thinking it well over, and can hit upon no one."

"Why, won't you take it upon yourself, Mr. Carlyle?"

"No. Being Levison," was the quiet answer.

"Curse him!" impetuously retorted Richard. "Curse him doubly if he be the double villain. But why should you scruple, Mr. Carlyle? Most men, wronged as you have been, would leap at the opportunity for revenge."

"For the crime perpetrated upon Halliwell I would pursue him to the scaffold. For my own wrong, no. But the remaining negative has cost me something. Many a time, since this appearance of his at West Lynne, have I been obliged to lay violent control upon myself, or I should have horse-whipped him within an ace of his life."

"If you had horse-whipped him to death, he would only meet his deserts."

"I leave him to a higher retribution—to one who says, 'Vengeance is mine.' I believe him to be guilty of the murder, but if the uplifting of my finger would send him to his disgraceful death, I would tie down my hand rather than lift it, for I could not, in my own mind, separate the man from the injury. Though I might ostensibly pursue him as the destroyer of Halliwell, in me he would appear ever as the destroyer of another, and the world, always charitable, would congratulate Mr. Carlyle upon gratifying his revenge. I stir in it not, Richard."

"Couldn't Barbara?" pleaded Richard.

Barbara was standing with her arm entwined within her husband's, and Mr. Carlyle looked down at her as he answered: "Barbara is my wife."

"It was a sufficient answer."

"Then the thing's again at an end," said Richard gloomily, and I must give up hope of ever being cleared."

"By no means," said Mr. Carlyle. "The one who ought to act in this is your father, Richard; but we know he will not. Your mother cannot. She has neither health nor energy for it; and if she had a full supply of both, she would not dare to brave her husband and me in the case. My hands are tied; Barbara's equally so, as part of me. There only remains yourself."

"And what can I do?" wailed poor Dick. "If your hands are tied, I'm sure my whole body is, speaking in comparison; hands, and legs, and neck. It's in jeopardy, that is, every hour."

"Your acting in this affair need not put it any the more in jeopardy. You must stay in the neighborhood for a few days."

"I dare not," interposed Richard, in a fright. "Stay in the neighborhood for a few days! No! that I never may."

"Listen, Richard. You must put away those timorous fears; or else you must make up your mind to remain under the ban for good; and, remember, your mother's happiness is at stake equally with yours—I could almost say your life. Do you suppose I would advise you for danger? You used to say there was some place, a mile or two from this, where you could sojourn in safety."

tell you to go openly to their office, as another client would. What I would advise is this: make a friend of Mr. Ball; he can be a good man and true, if he chooses; tell the whole story to him in a private place and the interview. If he is fully impressed with the conviction that you are innocent, and the guilty as the facts appear to warrant, he will undertake it. Treadman need know nothing of the affair at first; and when Ball puts things in motion, he need not know that you are here, or where you are to be found."

"I don't dislike Ball," mused Richard; "and if he would only give his word to be true, I know he would be. The difficulty will be, who is to get the promise from him?"

"I will," said Mr. Carlyle. "I will so far pave the way for you. That done, my interference is over."

"How will he go about it, think you—if he does take it up?"

"That is his affair. I know how I should."

"How, sir?"

"You cannot expect me to say, Richard. I might as well act for you."

"I know. You'd go at it slapdash, and arrest Levison off-hand, on the charge."

A smile parted Mr. Carlyle's lips, for Dick had just guessed it. But his countenance gave no clue by which anything could be gathered.

A thought flashed across Richard's mind; a thought which rose upon him even his false hair. "Mr. Carlyle," he uttered, in an accent of horror, "if Ball should take it up in that way against Levison, he must apply to the bench for a warrant."

"Well," quietly returned Mr. Carlyle. "And they'd send and clap me into prison? You know the warrant is always out against me."

"You'd never make a conjurer, Richard. I don't pretend to say, or guess, at what Ball's proceedings may be. But, in applying to the bench for a warrant against Levison—should that form part of them—is there any necessity to bring you in? To say, 'Gentlemen, Richard Hare is within reach, ready to be taken?'"

"Your fears run away with your common sense, Richard."

"Ah, well; if you had lived with the cord around your neck this many a year, not knowing any one hour, but it might get tied the next, you'd lose your common sense too, at times," humbly sighed poor Richard.

"What's to be my first move, sir?"

"Your first move, Richard, must be to go to this place of concealment, which you know of, and remain quiet there until Monday. On Monday, at dusk, be here again. Meanwhile, I will see Ball. By the way, though, before speaking to Ball, I must hear from yourself that Thorn and Levison are one."

"I will go down to the Raven at once," eagerly cried Richard. "I'll come back here to this walk, as soon as I have obtained sight of him." With the last words he turned, and was speeding off, when Barbara caught him.

"You will be so tired, Richard."

"Tired!" echoed Richard Hare. "A hundred miles on foot would not tire me if there was at the end of them, waiting to be identified. I may not be back for two or three hours, but I will come, and wait here till you come out to me."

"You must be hungry and thirsty," returned Barbara, the tears in her eyes. "How I wish we dare have you in, and shelter you. But I can manage to bring some refreshment out here."

"I don't require it, Barbara. I left the train at the station next before West Lynne, and walked, and got a good supper. Let me go, dear; I am all in a fever."

Richard departed, reached the part of West Lynne where the Raven was situated, and was so far favored by fortune that he had not long to wait. Scarcely had he taken up his lounge outside, when two gentlemen came forth from it, arm-in-arm. Being the half-quarters of one of the candidates, the heads of the place thought they could not do better than make it the best quarters also, and the road and pavement were never far from loitering stagers and gossipers. Richard Hare, his hat well over his eyes, and his black ringlets made the most of, only added one to the rest.

Two gentlemen came forth arm-in-arm. The loiterers raised a feeble shout of "Levison for ever!" Richard did not join in the shout, but his pulses were beating, and his heart leaped up within him. The one was Thorn, the other a roadside public-house man, as he walked, and got a good supper. Let me go, dear; I am all in a fever."

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could be bitter enough upon graceless doings, when enacted by another.

But what was her astonishment when she saw Mr. Carlyle advance, and that his appearance caused not the slightest change in their gracelessness, for the sailor's arm was not withdrawn. Two or three minutes they stood—the three—talking together in a group. Then good-nights were exchanged, the sailor left them, and Mr. Carlyle, his own arm lovingly pressed where the other's had been, withdrew with his wife. The truth—that it was Barbara's mother—flushed to the mind of Lady Isabel.

"Was I mad?" she cried, with a hollow laugh. "No false to him? No, no; that fate was reserved for me alone."

She followed them to the house; she glanced in at the windows of the drawing-room. Lights and fire were in the room, but the curtains and windows were not closed for the night, for it was through those windows that Mr. Carlyle and his wife had passed in and out, on their visits to the covered walk. There they were, alone in their happiness, and she stopped to glance in upon them. Lord Mount Severn had departed for London, to be down again early in the week. The tea was on the table, but Barbara had not begun to make it. She sat on the sofa, by the fire, her face, with its ever-loving gaze upon it, turned up to her husband. He stood near, was talking with apparent earnestness, and looking down at Barbara. Another moment, and a smile crossed his lips, the same sweet smile so often seen upon her in the by-gone days. Yes, they were together in their unbroken happiness, and she turned away toward her own lonely sitting-room, sick and faint at heart.

Ball & Treadman, as the brass plate on their office-door intimated, were conveyancers and attorneys-at-law. Mr. Treadman, who attended chiefly to the conveyancing, lived at the office, with his family. Mr. Ball, a bachelor, lived away; Lawyer Ball, West Lynne styled him. Not a young bachelor; midway, he may have been, between forty and fifty. A short, stout man, with a keen face and green eyes. He took up any practice that was brought him, dirt, odds and ends, that Mr. Carlyle would have touched with his toe; but, as that gentleman had remarked, he could be honest and true upon occasions, and there was no doubt that he would be so to Richard Hare. To his house, on Monday morning, early, so as to catch him before he went out, proceeded Mr. Carlyle. A high respect for Mr. Carlyle had Lawyer Ball, as he had for his father before him. Many a good turn had the Carlyles done him, if only helping him and his partner to clients, whom they were too fastidious to take up. But the two, Mr. Carlyle and Lawyer Ball, did not rank alike, though their professions was the same; Lawyer Ball knew that they did not, and was content to feel humble. The one was a received gentleman; the other was a country attorney.

Lawyer Ball was at breakfast when Mr. Carlyle was shown in. He was here, as he said, "Hullo, Carlyle! You are here to-day."

"Sit still; don't disturb yourself. Don't ring; I have breakfasted."

"The most delicious pate de foie," urged Lawyer Ball, who was a regular gourmand. "I get 'em direct from Strasbourg."

Mr. Carlyle resisted the offered dainties with a smile. "I come on business," said he; "not to feast. Before I enter upon it, you will give me your word, Ball, that in the event of your not consenting to pursue it further."

"Certainly I will. What business is it? Some that offends the delicacy of the Carlyle office?" he added with a laugh. "A would-be client whom you turn over to me in your exclusiveness?"

"It is a client for whom I cannot act. But not from the motives you assume. It concerns that affair of Halliwell's. Mr. Carlyle continued, bending forward, and somewhat dropping his voice.

"The murder."

Lawyer Ball, who had just taken in a delicious fume of the pipe, bolted it whole in his surprise. "Why, that was enacted ages and ages ago; it is past and done with," he exclaimed.

"Not done with," said Mr. Carlyle. "Circumstances have come to light which tend to indicate that Richard Hare was innocent; that it was another who committed the murder."

"In conjunction with him?" interrupted the attorney.

"No; alone. Richard Hare had nothing whatever to do with it. He was not even present at the time."

"Do you believe that?" asked Lawyer Ball.

"I have believed it for years."

"Then who did it?"

"Richard accuses one of the name of Thorn. Many years back—ten at least, I had a meeting with Richard Hare, and he disclosed certain facts to me, which, if correct, could lead to the perpetrator of the crime. Since that period, this impression has been gradually confirmed by little and by little, trifle upon trifle; and I would now stake my life upon his innocence. I should long ago have moved in this matter, but he was not to be found, neither any clue to him, and we now know that this name, Thorn, was an assumed one."

"Is he to be found?" he is at West Lynne. Mark you, I don't accuse him; I do not offer an opinion upon his guilt; I only state my belief in Richard's innocence; it may have been another who did it, neither Richard nor Thorn. It was my firm intention to take Richard's case up, the instant that I saw my way clearly in it, and now that that time has come, I am deterred from doing so."

"What delays you?" asked Lawyer Ball.

"Hence I come to you," continued Mr. Carlyle, disregarding the question. "I come on the part of Richard Hare. I have seen him lately, and conversed with him. I gave him my reasons for not personally attending, advised him to apply to you, and promised to come here and open the matter. Will you see Richard in good faith, and hear his story?—giving the understanding that he shall depart unmolested, as he came, although you do not decide to entertain the lawsuit?"

"I'll give it with all the pleasure in life," freely returned the attorney. "I'm sure I don't want to harm poor Dick Hare. And if he can convince me of his innocence, I'll do my best to establish it."

"Of his own tale you must be the judge. I do not wish to bias you. I have stated my belief in his innocence, but I repeat that I give no opinion myself, as to who else may be guilty. Hear his account, and then take up the affair or not, as you may think fit. He would not come to you without your previous promise to hold him harmless, to be his friend, in short, for the time being; when I bear this promise to him for my part is done."

"I give it to you in all honor, Carlyle. Tell Dick he has nothing to fear from me. Quite the contrary; for if I can befriend him, I shall be glad to do it, and I won't

square trouble. What can possibly be your objection to act for him?"

"My objection applies not to Richard. I would willingly appear for him, but I will not take proceedings against the man he accuses. If that man is to be denounced and brought before justice, I will hold neither act nor part in it."

The words aroused the curiosity of Lawyer Ball, and he began to turn over all persons, likely and unlikely, in his mind; never, according to usage, giving a suspicion to the right one. "I cannot fathom you, Carlyle."

"You will do that better, possibly, when Richard shall have made his disclosure."

"It's—it's—never his own father that he accuses? Justice Hare?"

"Your wife must be used gathering, Ball. Well, as they must, to give utterance to so preposterous a notion, acquiesced the attorney, pushing back his chair, and throwing his breakfast napkin on the carpet."

"But I don't know a soul who would object to go against except justice. What's anybody else in West Lynne to rot, in comparison to restoring Dick to his fair fame? I give it up."

"So do I for the present," said Mr. Carlyle, as he rose. "And now, about the way and means for your meeting this poor fellow? Where can you see him?"

"Is he at West Lynne?"

"No. But I can get a message conveyed to him, and he will come."

"When?"

"To-night, if you like."

"Then let him come here to this house. He will be perfectly safe."

"So be it. My part is now over," concluded Mr. Carlyle. And with a few more preliminary words, he departed. Lawyer Ball looked after him.

"It's a queer business. One would think Dick accuses some old flame of Carlyle's; some demitasse or dame he doesn't go against."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

On Monday evening the interview between Lawyer Ball and Richard Hare took place. With some difficulty would the lawyer believe his tale—not as to its broad details; he saw that he might give credit to them; but as to the accusation against Sir Francis Levison, Richard persisted, mentioning every minute particular he could of the meeting, the night of the elopement in Beaulieu, his meetings with him again in London, and Sir Francis's evident fear of him, and thence pursuit; and the previous Saturday night's recognition at the door of the Raven, not forgetting to tell of the anonymous letter received by Justice Hare the morning that Richard was in hiding at Mr. Carlyle's. There was no doubt in the world it had been sent by Francis Levison, and he had been seen by Francis Levison, and Lord Vane took a foot carrier down to the Raven, to reconnoitre it outside. He was uncommonly fond of planting himself where Sir Francis Levison's eyes were sure to fall upon him—whose eyes were immediately dropped, while the young gentleman could be fixed in an audacious stare. Being Lord Vane—or, it may be more correct to say, being the Earl of Mount Severn's son, and under control—he was declared from dancing and jeering after the yellow candidate, as the unwashed gentry of his own age indulged it, but his tongue and his feet fished to do it.

Mr. Carlyle took his seat in his private room, opened his letters, assorted them, marked on the back of some what was to be the purport of their answers, and then called in Mr. Ball. Mr. Carlyle put the letters in his hand, gave some rapid instructions, and rose.

"You are in a hurry, Mr. Archibald?"

"They want me at the Buck's Head. Why?"

"A curious incident occurred to me last evening, sir. I was an ear-witness to a dispute between Levison and Otway Bethel."

"Indeed!" carelessly replied Mr. Carlyle, who was busy at the time looking for something in the deep drawer of his desk.

"And what I heard would go far to hang Levison,



be ready at three o'clock to go in with William.

Lady Isabel's heart beat. "I understood you to say that you should go with him yourself, madame."

"I know I did. I intended to do so; but I heard this morning that some friends from a distance are coming this afternoon to call upon me, therefore I shall not go out."

How she, Lady Isabel, wished that she dare say, also, "I shall not go out either." But that might not be well, she must go through with it, as she had gone through with the rest.

William rode his pony into West Lynne, the groom attending to take it back again. He was to walk home with Madame Vine, who walked both ways.

Mr. Carlyle was not in when they arrived at the office. The boy went boldly on to the private room, leaving Madame Vine to follow him.

Presently Mr. Carlyle appeared. He was talking to Mr. Dill, who followed him.

"Oh, you are here, Madame Vine? I left word that you were to go into Miss Carlyle's. Did I not leave word, Dill?"

"Not with me, sir."

"I forgot it then; I meant to do so. What is the time?" He looked at his watch; ten minutes to four. "Did the doctor say at what hour he should call?" Mr. Carlyle asked to Madame Vine.

"Not precisely. I gathered that it would not be very early in the afternoon."

"Here he is," exclaimed Mr. Carlyle with alacrity, as he went into the hall. She supposed he alluded to the physician; supposed he had seen him pass the window. Their entrance together woke up William.

"Well," said the doctor, who was a little man with a bald head, "and how fares it with my young patient?"

"How poor, monsieur," responded she. She wished everybody would address her in French, and take her for French; there seemed less chance of recognition. She would have to speak in good plain English, however, if she must carry on conversation with the doctor. Beyond a familiar phrase or two, he was something like Justice Hare.

"Non parlez-*vous*," he said.

"And how does the cod-liver oil get on?" asked the doctor of William, as he drew him to the light. "It is better now than it used to be, eh?"

"No," said William; "it's nastier than ever."

Dr. Martin looked at the boy, felt his pulse, listened to his breathing. "There," said he, presently, "you may sit down again and have your nap out."

"I wish I might have something to drink; I am very thirsty. May I ring for some water, papa?"

"Go and find your aunt's maid, and ask her for some," said Mr. Carlyle.

"Ask her for milk," called out Dr. Martin. "Not water."

Away went William. Mr. Carlyle was leaning against the side of the window; Dr. Martin folded his arms before it; Lady Isabel was standing near the latter. The broad, full light was cast upon all, but the thick veil hid Lady Isabel's face. It was not often she could be caught without that veil, for she seemed to wear her bonnet at all sorts of reasonable and unreasonable times.

"What is your opinion, doctor?" asked Mr. Carlyle.

"Well," began the doctor, in a very professional tone, "the boy is certainly delicate. But—"

"Stay, Dr. Martin," was the interruption, spoken in a low, impressive tone, "you will deal candidly with me. I must know the truth, without disguise. Tell it me freely."

Dr. Martin paused. "The truth is not always palatable," said Mr. Carlyle.

"True. But for that very reason, all the more necessary. Let me hear the worst. And the child has no mother, you know, to be shocked with it."

"Death?"

"Ay. The seeds of consumption must have been inherited in him. They are showing out too palpably."

"Is there no hope for the child?"

Dr. Martin looked at him. "You lose me give you the truth."

"Nothing else; nothing but the truth," returned Mr. Carlyle, his tone one of mingled pain and command.

"Then, there is none; no hope whatever. The lungs are extensively diseased."

"And how long?"

"That I cannot say," interrupted the doctor, divining what the next question was to be. "He may linger on for months; for a year, it may even be, or a very short period may see the termination. I don't worry him with any more lessons and stuff of learning; he'll never want it."

The doctor cast his eyes upon the government as he spoke; the injunction concerning her as much as it did Mr. Carlyle. And the doctor started, for he thought she was fainting; her face had become so ghastly white; he could see it through her veil.

"You are ill, madame? you are ill?"

She opened her lips to speak; her trembling lips, that would not obey her. Dr. Martin, in his concern, pulled off the blue spectacles. She caught them from him with one hand, sat down on the nearest chair, and hid her face with the other.

Mr. Carlyle, scarcely understanding the scuffle, came forward. "Are you ill, Madame Vine?"

She was putting on her spectacles under her veil, her face white as paper. "Pray do not interrupt my conversation to pay attention to me! I thank you, I thank you both. I am subject to slight spasms, and they do make me look ill for the moment. It has passed now."

The doctor turned from her. Mr. Carlyle resumed his place by the window. "What should be the treatment?" asked the latter.

"Almost anything you please—that the boy himself likes best. Let him play, or rest; ride, or walk, eat and drink, or let it alone; it cannot make much difference."

"Doctor! You yield it, as a last hope, very lightly."

Dr. Martin shook his head. "I speak as I know. You insisted on having my true opinion."

"A warmer climate," suggested Mr. Carlyle, eagerly, the idea crossing his mind.

"It might prolong the end for a little while; a few weeks, perhaps; avert it, it could not. And who could take him? You could not go; and he has no mother. No, I should not advise it."

"I wish you would see Wainwright—with reference to William."

"I have seen him. I met him this afternoon, by chance, and told him my opinion. How is Mrs. Carlyle?"

"Pretty well. She is not in robust health, you are aware, just now."

Dr. Martin smiled. "These things will happen. Mrs. Carlyle has a thoroughly good constitution; it is a stronger one than—"

"Then what?" said Mr. Carlyle, wondering why he hesitated.

"You must grant me pardon. I may as

well finish, now I have begun; but I was not thinking when I spoke. She is stronger than was Lady Isabel. I must be off to catch the six train."

"You will come over from time to time to East Lynne to see William?"

"If you wish it. It may be a satisfaction, perhaps. How poor, madame."

Lady Isabel bowed to him as he left the room with Mr. Carlyle. "How kind that French governor of yours is of the boy?" the doctor whispered, as they crossed the hall.

"I detected it when she brought him to Lynneborough. And you saw her just now; that emotion was all because he could not live. Good bye."

Mr. Carlyle grasped his hand. "Doctor, I wish you could save him?" he passionately uttered.

"Ah, Carlyle! if we humble mites of human doctors could keep those whom it is the Great Physician's pleasure to take, how we should be run after! There's hidden mercy, remember, in the darkest cloud. Farewell, my friend."

Mr. Carlyle returned to the room. He approached Lady Isabel, looking down upon her as she sat; not that he could see much of her face. "Those are grievous tidings. But you were more prepared for them, I fancy, than I was."

She started suddenly up, approached the window, and looked out, as if she saw somebody passing whom she would gaze at. All of emotion was stirred up within her; her temples throbbled, her throat beat, her breath became hysterical. Could she bear this to hold confidential converse with him, over the state of their child? She pulled off her gloves for coolness to her burning hands, she wiped the moisture from her pale forehead, she struggled manfully for calmness. What excuse could she offer to Mr. Carlyle?

"I had begun to like the boy so very much, sir," she said, half turning round. "And the doctor's fiat, too plainly pronounced, has given me pain; pain to agitation."

Again Mr. Carlyle approached her, following close up to where she stood. "You are very kind, thus to feel an interest in my child."

She did not answer.

"Here, papa, papa! I want you," cried William, breaking into the room. "Let me walk home with you. Are you going to walk?"

How could he find it in his heart to deny anything to the child then?

"Very well," he said. "Stay here till I come for you."

"We are going home with papa," proclaimed William to Madame Vine.

Madame Vine did not relish the news. But there was no help for it. In a very short time Mr. Carlyle appeared, and they set off, he holding William's hand, and Madame walking on the other side of the child.

"Where's William Vane, papa?" asked the boy.

"He has gone on with Lord Mount Severn."

Scarcely had the words been spoken, when some one came bolting out of the post-office, and met them face to face; almost ran against them, in fact, creating some hindrance. The man looked confused, and shook off into the gutter. And you will not wonder that he did, when you hear that it was Francis Levison. William, child-like, turned his head to gaze at the intruder.

"I would not be an ugly, bad man, like him, for the world," quoth he, as he turned his back again. "Would you, papa?"

Mr. Carlyle did not answer and Isabel cast an involuntary glance upon him from her white face. He was impressed; save that a curt of inoffensive remark, the delicate beauty of his lips. If humiliation for the past had never wronged Lady Isabel's heart before, it would have wrung it then.

At Mr. Justice Hare's gate they encountered that gentleman, who appeared to be standing there to give himself an airing. William caught sight of Mrs. Hare seated on the garden bench, outside the window, and ran to kiss her. All children loved Mrs. Hare. The justice was looking—no pale; that would not be a term half strong enough, but yellow. The curls of his beard were limp, and all his pomposity appeared to have gone out of him.

"I say, Carlyle, what on earth's this?" cried he, in a tone that, for him, was wonderfully subdued and meek. "I was not on the bench this afternoon, but Pinner has been telling me of—an application that was made to them in private. It's not true, you know; it can't be; it's too far-fetched a tale. What do you know about it?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Carlyle. "I do not know what you are talking of. I have been privy to no application."

"It seems they want to make out now that Dick never murdered Hallijohn," proceeded the justice, in a half whisper, glancing round to be sure that there were no eavesdroppers amidst the trees.

"Oh," said Mr. Carlyle.

"But that Levison did, Levison?"

Mr. Carlyle made no reply, save by a gesture, his face more impressive than before. Not so another face beside him, a fair face; that had turned white again with emotion as she listened.

"But it can't be, you know. It can't, I say."

"So far as Richard's innocence goes, of that I have long been convinced," spoke Mr. Carlyle.

"And that Levison's guilty?" returned the justice, opening his eyes in puzzled wonderment.

"I give no opinion upon that point," was the cold rejoinder.

"It's impossible, I say. Dick can't be innocent. You may as well tell me that the world's turned upside down."

"It is sometimes, I think. That Richard was not the guilty man will be proved yet, justice, in the broad face of day."

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a shivering frame, and a heart sick unto death. The justice looked after them, his mind unoccupied. He was in a maze of bewilderment. Richard innocent? Richard, whom he had striven to pursue to a shameful end! And that other the guilty one! The world was turning up side down.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MERRILY ran West Lynne on the Thursday morning; merrily rang out the bells, clashing and chiming. The street was alive with people; the windows were crowded with heads; something unusual was afoot. It was the day of nomination of the two candidates, and everybody took the opportunity to make a holiday.

Ten o'clock was the time named; but, before the hour struck, West Lynne was crowded. The country people had come in, thick and three-fold; rich and poor; people of note, and people of none; voters and non-voters; all eager to mix themselves up with the day's proceedings. You see the notorious fact of Sir Francis Levison's having come forward to oppose Mr. Carlyle, caused greater interest to attach to this election than is usual, even in small country places—and that need not be. Barbara drove in her carriage; the two children with her, and the governess. The governess said she preferred to remain at home. Barbara would not hear of it; almost felt inclined to resent it as a slight; besides, if she took no interest in Mr. Carlyle, she must go to take care of Lucy; she, Barbara, would be too much occupied to look after children. So Madame Vine, perforce, stepped into the barouche and sat opposite to Mrs. Carlyle. Her thick veil shading her features, and their pallor contrasting with the blue spectacles.

They alighted at the residence of Miss Carlyle. Quite a gathering was already there. Lady and Miss Dobede, the Herberts, Mrs. Hare, and many others; for the house was in a good spot for seeing the fun; and all the people were eager to testify their respect to Mr. Carlyle in contradistinction to that other one. Miss Carlyle was in full fig; a broad dress, and a scarlet-and-purple bow in front of it, the size of a pumpkin. It was about the only occasion, in all Miss Carlyle's life, that she deemed it necessary to attire herself beyond common. Barbara wore no bonnet, but she exhibited a splendid bouquet of scarlet-and-purple flowers. Mr. Carlyle had himself given it to her that morning.

Mr. Carlyle saw them all at the windows of the large upper drawing-room, and came in; he was then on his way to the town-hall. Shaking hands, laughter, hearty and hasty good wishes; and he quitted the room again. Barbara stole after him for a sweeter farewell.

"God bless you and prosper you, Archibald, my dearest!"

The business of the day began. Mr. Carlyle was proposed by Sir John Dobede, and seconded by Mr. Herbert. Lord Mount Severn, from whom not a busier man was there, would willingly have been proposer and second too, but he had no local influence in the place. Sir Francis Levison was proposed also by two gentlemen of standing. The show of hands was declared to be in favor of Mr. Carlyle. It was just, in favor of him; almost twenty to one. Upon which the baronet's friends demanded a poll.

Then all was bustle, and scuffle and confusion. Every one tearing away to the hustings, which had been fixed in a convenient spot, the town-hall not affording the accommodation necessary for a poll. Candidates and proposers and seconders, and gentlemen, all officers, and men, and boys, and jostling each other. Mr. Carlyle was linked arm-in-arm with Sir John Dobede; Sir John's arm was within Lord Mount Severn's—but, as to order, it was impossible to observe any. To gain the place, they had to pass the house of Miss Carlyle. Young Vane, who was in the thick of the crowd—of course—cast his eyes up to its lined windows, took off his hat and waved it.

"Carlyle and honor forever!" shouted he. "Carlyle and honor forever!" and, shaking their handkerchiefs, and displaying their scarlet-and-purple colors. The crowd took up the shout, till the very air echoed with it. "Carlyle and honor forever!" Barbara's tears were falling; but she smiled through them at one pair of loving eyes, which sought out hers.

"A galaxy of beauty?" whispered Mr. Drake in the ear of Sir Francis. "How the women rally around him! I tell you what, Levison, you and the government were taken to go on with the contest, and I said: 'You have no more chance against Carlyle than that bit of straw has against the wind. You ought to have withdrawn in time.'"

"Like a coward!" angrily returned Sir Francis. "No. I'll go on with it to the last, though I go beaten."

"How lovely his wife is!" resumed Mr. Drake, his admiring eyes cast up at Barbara. "I say, Levison, was the first one as charming."

Sir Francis looked perfectly savage; the allusion did not please him. But ere another word could be spoken, some one in the garb of a policeman, who had wound his way through the crowd, laid his hand upon the baronet.

"Sir Francis Levison, you are my prisoner."

Nothing worse than that occurred at that moment to the mind of Sir Francis. But that was quite enough, and he turned purple with rage.

"Your hands off, vermin! How dare you?"

A quick movement, a slight click, a bustle from the wondering crowd were immediately around, and the handcuffs were on. Utter amazement alone prevented Mr. Drake from uttering a word.

"I'm sorry to do it in this public place and manner," spoke the officer, partly to Sir Francis, partly to the gentlemen around; "but I couldn't come across you last night, do as I would. And the warrant has been in my hand since five o'clock yesterday afternoon. Sir Francis Levison, I arrest you for the willful murder of George Hallijohn."

The crowd fell back; the crowd was paralyzed with consternation; the word was passed from one extreme to the other, and back, and across again, and the excitement grew high. The ladies looking from Miss Carlyle's windows saw what had happened, though they could not divine the cause. Some of them turned pale at sight of the handcuffs, and Mary Pinner, an excitable girl, fell into a screaming fit.

Pale? What was their gentle paleness compared with the frightfully livid one of Francis Levison? His agitation was pitiable to witness; his face a terror to look upon; once or twice he groined, as if in agony; and then his eyes happened to fall on Oway Bethel, who stood near. Shall we of his adornments—those might not be thought adornments upon paper—the following was the sentence that burst involuntarily from his lips:

"You bound! It is you who have done this!"

"No! by—Whether Mr. Oway Bethel was about to swear by Jupiter, or Juno, never was decided, the sentence being cut ignominiously short at the above two words. Another policeman, in the summary manner exercised toward Sir Francis, had clapped a pair of handcuffs upon him."

Mr. Oway Bethel, I arrest you as an accomplice in the murder of George Hallijohn."

You may be sure, that the whole assembly was arrested—figuratively; and stood with eager gaze and open ears. Colonel Bethel, quitting the scarlet-and-purple, flashed into those of the yellows. He knew his nephew was graceful enough; but—to see him with a pair of handcuffs on!

"What does all this mean?" he authoritatively demanded of the officers.

"It's no fault of ours, colonel; we have but executed the warrant," answered one of them. "The magistrate issued it yesterday against these two gentlemen on suspicion of their being concerned in the murder of Hallijohn."

"In conjunction with Richard Hare?" cried the astounded colonel, gazing from one to the other, prisoners and officers, in scared bewilderment.

"It's alleged now that Richard Hare didn't have nothing to do with it," returned the man. "It's said he is innocent. I'm sure I don't know."

"I swear that I am innocent," passionately uttered Oway Bethel.

"Well, sir, you have only got to prove it," civilly rejoined the policeman.

Miss Carlyle and Lady Dobede leaned from the window, their curiosity too much excited to remain silent longer. Mrs. Hare was standing by their side.

"What is the matter?" both asked of the upturned faces immediately beneath.

"Them two—the fine member as wanted to be, and young Bethel—arrested for murder," spoke a man's clear voice in answer. "The tale runs as they murdered Hallijohn, and then laid it on to the shoulders of young Dick Hare, who didn't do it, after all."

A faint wailing cry of startled pain, and Barbara flew to Mrs. Hare, from whom it proceeded.

"Oh, mamma, my dear mamma, take comfort! Do not suffer this to agitate you to illness. Richard is innocent, and it will surely be proved. Archibald," she added, beckoning to her husband in her alarm, "come, if you can, and say a word of assurance to mamma."

It was impossible that Mr. Carlyle could hear the words, but he could see that his wife was greatly agitated, and wanted him.

"I will be back with you in a few moments," he said to his friends as he began to elbow his way through the crowd, which made way when they saw who the elbow was.

Into another room, away from the gay visitors, they got Mrs. Hare, and Mr. Carlyle locked the door to keep them out, unconsciously taking out the key. Only himself and wife were with her, except Madame Vine in her bonnet, who had been dispatched by somebody with a bottle of smelling-salts. Barbara knelt at her mamma's feet; Mr. Carlyle leaned over her, her hands sympathizingly held in his. Madame Vine would have escaped, but the key was gone.

"Oh, Archibald, tell me the truth. You will not deceive me," she gasped, in earnest entreaty, the cold dew gathering on her pale, gentle face. "Is the time come to prove my boy's innocence?"

"It is,"

"Is it possible that it can be that false, bad man who is guilty?"

"From my soul I believe him to be," replied Mr. Carlyle, glancing round to make sure that none could hear the assertion save those present. "But what I say to you and Barbara I would not say to the world. Whatever be the man's guilt, I am not his Nemesis. Dear Mrs. Hare, take courage, take comfort—happier days are coming round."

Mrs. Hare was weeping silently. Barbara rose and laid her mamma's head lovingly upon her bosom, and said, "Mr. Carlyle, whisper to his wife, 'Don't leave her for a moment, and don't let that chattering crew in from the next room. I beg your pardon, madame.'"

His hand had touched Madame Vine's neck in turning round—that is, had touched the jacket that encased it. He unlocked the door and regained the street, while Madame Vine sat down with her beating and rebellious heart, amidst the shouts, the jeers, and the escort of the mob, Sir Francis Levison and Oway Bethel were lodged in the station house, preparatory to their examination before the magistrates. Never, sure, was so mortifying an interruption known. So thought Sir Francis's party. And they deemed it well, after some consideration amongst themselves, to withdraw his name as a candidate for the membership. That he never had a shadow of chance for the first, most of them knew.

But there's an incident yet to tell of the election-day. You have seen Miss Carlyle in her glory, her brocade silk, standing on end with richness, her displayed colors, her pride in her noble brother. But now could you—or she, which is more to the purpose—have divined who and what was just above her head at an upper window, I know not what the consequences would have been.

No less an eyesore to Miss Carlyle than that "brass band," Mr. Hallijohn! Sungled in by Miss Carlyle's servants, there she was, in full dress, too. A green-and-white checked sarcelot, flounced up to the waist, over a crimoline extending from here to yonder; a fancy bonnet, worn on the plait of hair behind, with a wreath and a veil; delicate white gloves, and a swinging handkerchief of lace, redolent of musk. It was well for Miss Corry's peace of mind ever after, that she remained in ignorance of that daring act. There stood Afy, bold as a sunflower, exhibiting herself and her splendor to the admiring eyes of the mob below, gentle and simple.

"He is a handsome man after all," quoth she to Miss Carlyle's maids, when Sir Francis Levison arrived opposite the house.

"But such a horrid creature!" was the response. "And to think that he should come here to oppose Mr. Archibald!"

"What's that?" cried Afy. "What are they stopping for? There are two policemen there! Oh!" shrieked Afy, "if they haven't put hand-cuffs on him! Whatever has he done? What can he have been up to?"

"Where? Who? What?" cried the servants, bewildered with the crowd. "Put hand-cuffs on which?"

"Sir Francis Levison. Hush! What is it they say?"

Listening, looking, turning from white to red, from red to white, Afy stood. But she could make nothing of it—she could not divine the cause of the commotion. The man's answer to Miss Carlyle and Lady Dobede,



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